UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

A Strange Visitor

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

The Conscription Fight in Australia

By SYDNEY STRONG

VOLUME XCIII NUMBER 10

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES *: Editors :* FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIII THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1924 NUMBER 10

UNITY

God is Great! God is One! This is the cry of the desert and the solitude. It is the gift to mankind from the Semitic peoples, whose home is the desert and whose pathway is across the trackless hills and under the midnight stars. The faith of the earliest Semitic Prophet became in the course of ages the conquering faith of Islam. It carries with it a trumpet call. It is the belief, stronger than death, in the Divine Unity, the Tauhid, God is One.

. . . Yet the heart of India has declared from an immemorial age: "God is One, the Advaitam, the One without a Second. Manifold indeed is He, of countless forms and myriad names, yet ever Undivided. Infinite is He and Endless, yet ever the Same, ever the One. God is One.

. . . Thus, from age to age, the genius of India has been unifying the religions within her own border and leading forward to the higher synthesis of the whole spiritual life of mankind. When all the present political and economic struggles are ended, this will be remembered as India's greatest gift to mankind.

—*C. F. Andrews.*

Well, here is exciting news! It comes to us through the columns of our good neighbor, *The Universalist Leader,* to whom it was equally exciting. We have been burned! Yes, *burned*—burned publicly, not at the stake but in an incinerator, not in an open square but in a back yard. Think of it—BURNED! O joy, we have not lived in vain!! The executioner, let it be announced, was one Charles Winter, an evangelist, and a purveyor of healing liniments in connection with his spiritual ministrations. The place of execution was Morristown, N. J.—at 15 South street. We would be exact, for some time, undoubtedly, this site will be marked with a tablet or monument, like the execution-place of Cranmer at Oxford, and Servetus at Geneva. The historic scene is described in the *Jerseyman,* of Morristown, quoted by the *Leader,* as follows:

> It was long after midnight before that throng gradually made its way into the darkness. The burning of the books could not be accomplished in the hall, Mr. Winter announced, but near the close of the program when the crowds surged forward to grasp the hand of the man whose spiritual teachings it had accepted, the people tore the cloth and leather-bound volumes into bits, the parts half filling a large wooden box.
>
> Into the open night the container was carried. Then Evangelist Winter placed a handful in the incinerator and applied a match. The flames shot up. Handful after handful were fed the element. The evangelist broke into song and his followers took up the tune. One woman stepped forward and said she wanted to have a part in the destruction, and she, too, put a handful of the scraps into the fire. With the last bit fed to the fire, Mr. Winter turned to his people and declared: "If we were not doing the work of God, He would strike us dead at this moment."

The books and papers included in this solemn *auto da fe* were Forbush's "Life of Christ," "Science and Health" and the Christian Science hymnal, the "Writings of Russellism," the *Universalist Leader,* and—UNITY! It's a combination that must have made the fire burn gloriously. It is too bad that God did not come to our rescue; but if the Almighty is engaged in the business of striking dead all those who are "not doing (his) work," he probably finds it hard to keep up. Brother Winter may hear from him yet!

Some of our readers are sceptical of our conviction that the methods of restoration applied to Austria and Hungary, and now recommended by the Dawes Commission for Germany, are a delusion and a snare. It is not easy to make that conviction plausible, with the newspapers full of wild stories about the alleged prosperity which follows upon the loan policy, but we believe our reasons to be sound and we are certain that the real facts in the situation bear us out. Now comes exact confirmation of our contention in a letter from Budapest, written by our correspondent, Mr. Fred Hankinson. Speaking of Hungary, which he observes right on the spot, he says:

> The League of Nations Commission has been here, and curiously enough prices rose all the time and the kronen depreciated. I feel with you that a foreign loan is only a palliative, and the country accepting such a loan becomes part of a financial gamble in Wall Street and in London. If Hungary, like Austria, accepts the loan it may help for a time, but it only postpones the evil day, and lays Hungary open to the craft of the international financiers and exploiters.

Exactly! Why fool ourselves? Mr. Bertrand Russell, in a recent address, pointed out with admirable cogency, that it is not necessary any longer to conquer a country militarily, or to annex it politically. All advantages of conquest and dominion can now be obtained by making a loan, and establishing the required financial control to see that the loan is safeguarded and its obligations met. Austria and Hungary are today colonial dependencies of the Allies. They have disappeared as nations. And, what is worst, not even by this process has anything been done to bring permanent relief to Europe.

These Moscow Bolsheviki are certainly wonderful folks! The things they are able to do, according to expert testimony, passeth all understanding. Here in days when they have been beset by every known difficulty and disaster at home, they have been able to accomplish deeds abroad more amazing, perhaps, than anything recorded in human history. In this country, for example, they have eaten their way into the labor

unions. They have successfully invaded the colleges and churches. They have organized young people's movements, which are corrupting the whole body of our American youth. They have captured organizations such as "The Civil Liberties Union," "The Fellowship of Reconciliation," "The Women's International League," and magazines such as *The Nation, The World Tomorrow,* and *The New Republic.* They have organized the farmers' revolt, in the West, established the Farmer-Labor Party, and set triumphantly on foot the whole great movement for a Third Party. They have elected their representatives to the Senate, and, through men like Brookhart, Wheeler, LaFollette, and other members of the radical bloc, now control that august body. And now comes the final triumph of the Russian "reds"—the ousting of Attorney-General Daugherty! "Pilgrimages to Moscow by United States Senators," says Mr. Daugherty, "had been arranged by the Communist authorities."

"There (in Russia) no doubt, new inspirations were advanced," he continued, "as to what steps should be taken to cripple the Government of the United States and crumble the columns that support it.

"It may fairly be inferred that one step in this direction was to capture, by deceit and design, as many members of the Senate of the United States as possible and to spread throughout Washington City and in the cloakrooms of Congress a poison gas as deadly as that which sapped and destroyed brave soldiers in the late war."

For sheer genius in diplomacy and statesmanship in advancement of their ends, we know of nothing to compare with this. The arm of Moscow moves, and a great official in Washington disappears! These Bolsheviki are miracle men. They can do anything!—perhaps even clean up an oil scandal, oust a corrupt political party, and restore democratic government to the people where it belongs!! If this be Bolshevism, let's make the most of it!

We have a personal letter from a Congregational clergyman of the Middle West, referring to his experiences on a two-months' lecture trip on behalf of the German relief cause. He speaks of the objectors whom he met on his way, and passes on the interesting information that these came largely from three classes:

Soldiers that never got farther than the good U. S. A.; preachers; and, sad but true, many women. The female is deadlier than the male.

Soldiers, ministers and women! that's a nice combination, isn't it? The very ones who, according to all the best traditions of sentimentalism, ought to be the first to leap to the relief of starving German babies! Soldiers are supposed to be Sir Galahads, not only in valor but in mercy for the fallen; ministers are charged to preach the gospel of "love your enemies" and "if thine enemy hunger, feed him"; women have maternal instincts, and are therefore moved intuitively to pity. That's the way it is in theory—but not, alas, in fact. The stay-at-home soldier, the exempted clergyman, the protected woman—these are the paragons of bloodthirstiness. The painted redskin of the massacre days had "nothing on" these contemporary savages of civilization. Meanwhile, they are getting in their deadly work, and the cause of German relief is languishing. Twenty millions (20,000,000) is the latest estimate that we have seen of those inside the starvation area in Germany. It is a situation today worse than that which existed in Russia when the harvest failed. What a stain upon America forever, if the cry for help is not now heeded!

We want to say a word about Governor McCray, of Indiana, tried and convicted by the federal government for using the mails in furtherance of a scheme to defraud. We say this word not in denunciation or contempt of an unfortunate man, but in sincere desire to use the record written by this criminal to emphasize a most important fact. Governor McCray, be it said, is no ordinary offender. Judge Anderson, before whom he was tried and by whom he was committed to jail, declared that he was "one of the worst criminals" he had known in all his twenty-one years upon the bench. "I have never seen so many felonies," he said, "committed by one individual." Now, in addition to being a criminal Governor McCray is a patriot of the same exceptional order. This politician apparently does nothing by halves. He is not satisfied to be a mere common, ordinary, garden variety of 100 per cent American, but must forsooth raise the percentage to some nth degree, and usually of course by wrapping the flag around his ample form and denouncing "traitors." Governor McCray's greatest exploit along these lines was his denunciation of his Indianian fellow-citizen, Mr. Debs, at a round-up of the American Legion at Indianapolis. Here, as Governor of the state, he actually urged the Legionaries to go to Terre Haute and "clean Debs out of the place," thus as an officer of the law inciting his audience to violence. But Mr. Debs, of course, was fair game for such a patriot as McCray!

"This man, Debs," he said, in effect, "is a traitor. He has disgraced his native state. Indiana stands shamed before the world, that this scoundrel is allowed to live within its borders."

Now the tables seem to be turned a bit. Indiana is disgraced not by Mr. Debs but by its Governor, who goes to jail not for an opinion but for a crime. Which brings us to the fact we want to emphasize—namely, that the average super-patriot is a "crook." When a man screams "traitor" at his fellow-man, he usually has something to hide. For 100-plus per cent Americanism, as for Postum, "there's a reason."

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, dead on April 24 last, was not well known, perhaps, to the general public. In the issue of the New York *Times* recording his death, the passing of George H. Kendall, President of the New York Bank Note Company, is announced in headlines twice as large and in a story twice as long. Such is

fame! But to those who know, Dr. Hall was one of the great educators and most distinguished scholars of America. In the field of education, his great work was the founding of Clark University, Worcester, which, during the thirty-two years (1888-1920) of his presidency, became one of the outstanding institutions of higher learning in the country. From the beginning this University specialized not in foot-ball victories, magnificent buildings, huge student enrollments, but—*mirabile dictu*—in scholarship, and scholarship of the pure and exact type. Under Dr. Hall's leadership, it gained unique fame and influence, only to lose both in the pitiful administration of his successor in the presidency. The spectacle of the disintegration of Clark University in the last three years, must have been a tragedy too great for Dr. Hall to bear. In the field of scholarship, of course, his great achievements were in psychology. Here his was one of the great names of the modern world—his work one of the few contributions which America has made to real scientific knowledge. His books were numerous, the most important being "Adolescence" and "Jesus the Christ in the Light of Psychology." His autobiography was published only last year. There has been no death so important in the world of learning in America since the passing of Josiah Royce.

Charles F. Murphy, chieftain of Tammany Hall, New York, dead on April 25th last, was the perfect flower of American municipal politics. His career was the commercialization of political life reduced to an exact science. Like his famous and infamous predecessor, Richard Croker, Murphy worked for his own pocket all of the time. He began at the bottom with nothing, he ended at the top with millions, with only politics in between to explain his earnings. But he was respectable about it, at least as compared with Croker, and the earlier Tammany chieftains of the "Boss" Tweed type. The old vulgarities and sheer indecencies of political corruption had begun to go out before his time, and Murphy himself completed the work. No more open gambling dens, and shameless red light districts, and straight, unvarnished stealings! O, no—it is Murphy's greatest achievement perhaps to have swept all this away—to have made himself of such good repute that he could associate with decent men—and yet to have left the system and its fruits untouched. It was the substitution of new methods for old, that's all—with the plundering of the people going on just as before, and the steady tide of dishonest gains flowing into Tammany in as great a flood as ever. And the American people stood for it—not merely the ignorant masses of New York whom he systematically exploited to the huge profit of himself and his associates, but the higher and more intelligent public. Murphy held no political office, he never made a speech, he did no useful work, he was associated with no movements of reform or human welfare, he was in no sense a leading citizen. Yet he was a great power in the Democratic party and was received with honor in its conventions, his death was solemnly announced in the United States Senate as though a calamity had befallen the nation, city offices closed and flags fell to half-mast when his passing was made known and a vast funeral was held at the Cathedral with Governor, Mayor, U. S. Senator, and other innumerable public dignitaries in attendance. What a spectacle! Who that has any sense of decency, or even of mere proportion, can look upon such things without cynicism! We have nothing against Mr. Murphy personally. We never met him or even saw him. We gladly believe the tales of his private virtues. But he was a symbol of all that is vile and dangerous in our American democracy, and his acclaim even in death is to the shame of the republic.

Jottings

Signs in the churches on the peace issue are encouraging, but it is just as well not to fool ourselves into believing that these same churches are all of a sudden going to become Christian. Thus the Minneapolis Presbytery, urged by a group of ministers to take a stand against war, passed a resolution pledging its loyalty to the declarations of government if made in the interests of national preservation or the maintenance of justice. Which means, if a war comes, count us in!

A writer in the *Primitive Baptist* has discovered that the community church movement is backed by a Roman Catholic subsidy as a step toward the union of church and state. This is at least no worse than the discovery of the Chicago *Tribune* that the pacifists are backed by a Moscow subsidy as a step toward the overthrow of the state by force and violence. The insane we have always with us!

The Lewisite gas, developed by the U. S. Chemical Warfare Service during the war, is described by an expert as "essentially a compound of arsenic and acetylene gas — chemically it is chlorvinyldichlorarsine." Gosh! This chemical warfare is more horrible even than we had imagined.

President Coolidge has reminded the nation that "our country refused to adhere to the covenant of the League of Nations with a decisive rejection which I regard as final." As the utterance of a silent man, cautious to a fault, slow to commit himself to any decisive opinion, this out-and-out statement has signifi-

cance. Whatever the merits of the case, the League of Nations issue is dead.

Warden Lewis E. Lawes, of Sing Sing Prison, President of the American Prison Congress, declares that the death penalty should be abolished. "The death penalty," he says, "is useless. It is wasteful"; and he backs up this assertion with a staggering array of facts. (See New York *World*, March 23.) Such testimony as this should end this horror forthwith.

"'League still an issue,' says Professor Fisher"—headline in New York *Times* (April 24th).

New Haven, Conn., February 27, 1967.—Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, celebrated today his one-hundredth birthday. The 23,000 students of the University turned out *en masse*, and paid tribute to the distinguished scholar and patriarch. Responding to tributes, Professor Fisher said, "The League of Nations is still an issue." J. H. H.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

Terre Haute, Indiana, suggested to me only two facts. I knew it was the home of that saintly tribune of the people, Eugene V. Debs. I knew it was located "on the banks of the Wabash, far away." When I arrived there early on Sunday morning, April 27th, I speedily enlarged my stock of knowledge by vigorously pumping my host, Rev. John W. Herring, minister of the first Congregational Church, and incidentally a contributor to UNITY. He told me that Terre Haute was a city of some 70,000 inhabitants, of whom about 40,000 are coal-miners and their families. He stated that coal mines surrounded the town, and some of them were dug under the town. "You are probably standing over a mine now," he said, as we stood in the lobby of the Deming Hotel. He confessed that there were thousands of Ku Kluxers in the neighborhood, and an abundance of Elks, Rotarians, Lions, and other American fauna. Then, as a climactic introduction to the place, he took me out just before church-time, to see the Wabash River and the surrounding bog country over which it flows in flood seasons sometimes to a width of five miles. Squatters, like the wharf-rats at the ocean front, were hugging the muddy banks, living in squalid huts, and picking over the dump heaps all about them for a living.

At 10:30 we were at the Congregational Church, where I was to preach. I was interested to learn that this church was some ninety years old, a venerable institution for this part of the country, and that one of its ministers had been Lyman Abbott. I faced a small congregation of a hundred and twenty-five people or more, in an attractive auditorium that would have seated perhaps twice as many. In my sermon I gave a more or less radical answer to the question, "Is Religion Destined to Endure," and found the people ready for it. It contained little that was new, I imagine, to the audience that had been listening for three years to Mr. Herring. An organ and a vigorous chorus choir led some stirring hymn-singing, and repeated some of the special Easter music of the Sunday previous.

In the afternoon, after a dinner at the hotel, came a most enjoyable experience. Hopping into an automobile, I was driven three miles out into the country, as far as a certain side-road would take us. Then came a hike of a quarter of a mile or so along the road-bed of an electric railway, and then off into the wooded fields. In a few moments, we found a camp, merry with a group of thirty-five young men and women, the girls all clad in sweaters and knickerbockers, the boys in rough shirts and khaki trousers. They were wet from their tramps through the fields in quest of dogwood, but there was a blazing fire on the hearth, and soon all were gathered in a huge circle about the flames, for discussion of some religious or social problem.

These young people were members of Mr. Herring's church, organized by him for fellowship in pleasure, study and good works. Every Sunday afternoon, they hike to some point in the open, there have their games and romps, and then, as evening draws on, gather together for songs and meditation and eager discussion of life's problems. This day there was no competition between the fields and the warm hearth-fire, for the rain was soon descending in floods, drowning the landscape all about. So we gathered gladly and cozily indoors, and I was asked to lead a discussion on the subject of "Prayer." This went on for an hour, and was then, by the insistence of one practical youth, switched over to the subject of "Pacifism." It was an eager give-and-take of question and answer, and a lovely scene—the pouring rain, drooping trees and soaking grass without, the bright fire within, the wide circle of girls and boys, the gathering darkness, the earnest voices. After a couple of hours, it was time to eat—and, lo and behold, as though waved into being by a magic wand, appeared potato salad, cheese and meat sandwiches, hot coffee, and oranges. Immediately thereafter came a closing of doors and shutters, and a hurried return to the city—some of the hikers in automobiles, some by the electric cars, the rest on shanks-mare. It was a charming afternoon, long to be remembered!

The evening, at 7:30 o'clock, brought an exceptional sort of meeting at the Central Presbyterian Church. Mr. Herring, with a success which bore eloquent testimony to his energy and tact, had worked for days to organize a really impressive "union meeting in the interest of peace." As a result he had lined up the Central Presbyterian Church, the Centenary Methodist Church, the St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, his own church (the Congregational), the Washington Avenue Presbyterian Church, Temple Israel, the student forums at the Rose Polytechnic Institute and the Indiana State Normal School, the social science section of the Women's Department Club, and the Central Labor Union. Although the evening was drenched with showers, the church was full, with the exception of a few scattered seats in the front. The Methodist minister conducted the service, Mr. Herring gave the prayer, Rabbi Fink read the scriptures, and the Episcopalian rector gave the benediction. A red-headed Scotch coal-miner sang with fine feeling and a noble baritone voice, the great solo from Mendelssohn's "Elijah"—"It is enough." I spoke for an hour and five minutes on the subject "Ten Fallacies of Peace and War Thinking." This was to me a stirring occasion.

Here were orthodox and liberal Christians, Jews and Gentiles, capitalists and laborers, rich and poor, all gathered together in a common religious service for dedication to one of the great social ideals of the time. It was in the truest sense of the word a community meeting—just the kind of thing that a Community Church would be. If this thing is possible once in a while now, it must sometime in the future be possible all the time. Why not?

The next day—Monday, the 28th—brought alternating clouds and sunshine, but no rain. My first engagement was at 11 o'clock at the Rose Polytechnic Institute, located on its new grounds three miles out of the city. This is a school of engineering, with a student body of some two hundred and fifty young men, most of them from Terre Haute and vicinity, entered in the Institute with only a high school training. The student body and the faculty gave me my audience in what was called "the Assembly," a gathering held at intervals during the year as speakers come to town. The boys were a sturdy set, sprung from workers' and farmers' families, many of them roughly and even poorly dressed. They were a challenge—but they listened well to a forty-five minute talk on "The Outlawry of War."

In the afternoon came the great event of my visit to Terre Haute—a call on Eugene V. Debs at his home on Eighth street. I had seen his devoted brother, Theodore, the night before at the union peace meeting, and learned that "'Gene" had been very ill, and that he was still weak. Nevertheless, there was some assurance that I could see him—and he would try to fix it up for the next afternoon! Sure enough, on Monday morning came telephone messages both from Mrs. Debs and Theodore, saying that I must be sure to come around. At three o'clock I was knocking on the door, and then followed the delight and blessing of sitting down with this great and good man, in his own home, seeing his smile, feeling his love, listening to his talk about the great days gone and the great days still to come. Debs looked thin and frail—but he stood as straight as ever, his handclasp was firm, and his eyes were brimming over with the shining light of his great heart. He is now on the upward road from a nervous breakdown which at times has involved a very fight for life. His physical constitution, however, which he described to me as made of "chilled steel," plus his iron will, as unconquerable in this fight for himself as in his fifty years of fighting for other men, have brought him through. He still needs care, and is fortunately getting it! I was amazed at the vigor of his talk, when the body was still so far from well. But he was talking of the things he loved—labor, Socialism, the strikes, the political campaigns, the long, long battle for the common people, his very life! Where in our time can be found a man who has labored so mightily and suffered so terribly for mankind? A soul, if there ever was one, born for love—but persecuted, hated, outlawed all these many years! But already he has his exceeding great reward, for few men are anywhere today so loved and reverenced by the common people, who knew Jesus and Lincoln, and few men have written their record in such pure gold of utter devotion upon the tablets of future memory. And after all the suffering and all the praise, Debs's spirit is just as sweet and humble and unspoiled as that of a little child! He spoke of heroic deeds, but as unconsciously as though he were talking of some hero of an older day; he told of persecutions, but without a trace of bitterness; he dreamed of the future, but without a thought, apparently, of how his precious name will be cherished in that future. This is the wonderful thing about this man. Today, as from the beginning of the world, it is the test of sainthood.

At 5:30 came dinner at the Y. W. C. A. with some thirty odd students of the Normal School, some of them members of the hiking party of the day before. After the dishes had been cleared away, I talked for over an hour on what I had seen in Russia in 1922, and then came another hour of questions and discussion. Last, before taking the night train, came an hour of quiet talk in the Herring home, around the fire, with Mr. Herring and his wife, Rabbi Fink, and two other friends. We talked of Terre Haute, of Paul Dreiser and his brother Theodore Dreiser and their immortal "Wabash" song, of the local Ku Klux Klan and its silly demonstrations, of the church situation in the town, of New York, Europe, war and peace, and so to the cosmos and beyond. It was a heartening good-bye to a heartening visit!

The next item on my schedule was disaster. Mr. Herring had arranged with the Student Forum at Wabash College for me to address the student body at an "Assembly" for that purpose. But, alas—"the best-laid schemes," etc.! The President or the faculty, or both, interfered, found a convenient conflict of appointments, and canceled the engagement. Nothing daunted, Mr. Herring tackled the students of De Pauw University, and again made a happy arrangement for a speech, only to get on Monday a telegram vetoing the entire program. All of which gave me an unoccupied day—and Upton Sinclair two new paragraphs for the next edition of his "Goose-Step"!

I suppose it's tragic—but I confess I can see nothing but the utterly ridiculous side of such episodes. Especially is this two-fold experience of banishment supremely funny as compared with what happened at the Rose Polytechnic. As I entered the hallway of the building where I spoke at this institution, I saw a posted placard announcing the "Assembly." After giving my name, etc., etc., the placard stated in solemn warning to all concerned—*"Unexcused absences from Assembly will be dealt with by the Faculty."* What a contrast! The students at Wabash and De Pauw not allowed to hear me — the students at Rose not allowed *not* to hear me!

The extra day was used for personal matters, and found me at night in the Westcott Hotel at Richmond, Indiana, for engagements at Earlham College (Quaker). Richmond is a beautiful city—a manufacturing center, with pianos, talking-machine records, lawn-mowers, and coffins on the list of products, but with none of the ugly industrial features which usually accompany such activities. The streets are broad and well-paved, lined with grass-plots and trees, and bordered with beautiful residences amply surrounded by lawns and gardens. The factories fortunately are out of the city, and thus out of sight. The churches are as usual numerous, and unusually large and impressive. It seemed amazing to me that a city of only 27,000 inhabitants should have so many and such beautiful churches. Among these are four Quaker meeting-houses, one the biggest that I ever saw.

The Quaker or Friends community in Richmond is substantial and influential, and goes back historically to an early migration from the Quaker settlements in

North Carolina in 1807. Its proudest monument is Earlham College, located about a mile from the center of the town, on a lovely campus dotted with attractive red brick buildings, many of them comparatively new. I addressed the student body—several hundreds of boys and girls—at the regular morning chapel exercises, speaking on "The Outlawry of War." Following this talk, I held conferences with students in the President's office until noon, when I was whisked out to a country-house not far away, where I had luncheon with some thirty or forty of the faculty and invited guests. Among these was William Dudley Foulke, well-known scholar and civil service reformer. Here, after luncheon, I talked informally on the European situation. This was my last speech on this trip. In another three hours I was on the train, headed for Pittsburgh and the East.

This expedition was a delightful one—and memorable to me as my first incursion into Indiana. I had talked and traveled all around this state, but never before *in* it. It looked quite like the other states in the Middle West — I failed to discover the peculiar "Hoosier" note or atmosphere! The same things seemed to be going on here as elsewhere—a politician, this time a Governor, was being convicted and jailed for felonies; murders and suicides were being featured on every front-page; the Ku Klux Klan was ravaging the country-side; a peripatetic pacifist preacher was being denied a hearing in colleges. It was all normal, natural, 100 per cent American! But this isn't the whole of the story! In Indiana, as elsewhere, there is the saving remnant—men and women of open minds, pure hearts, steadfast purpose for a better world. Especially are there the young people who want to know and serve—a minority, but a dauntless minority. Wherever I go I seem to find these people, and they sustain and cheer my heart.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

A Strange Visitor

That amiable and convenient gentleman, The Man from Mars, who has visited our Earth several times since the beginning of the century (though he was strangely absent during the years of the Great War), dropped in on me the other evening. It was a cold and bitter night. An unwelcome blizzard was on its way from the Polar regions, intent upon holding our vast prairie land for a few days in its cold and rough embrace. I had just settled myself for a quiet and restful evening before the open fire. The lashing of the wind against the house gave me promise of no interruptions. I was willing "to loaf and take mine ease" and to shut out for a few hours the outer world with its agonies and sorrows.

I had no sooner placed my slippered feet against the fender, opened "The Ring and the Book" and turned to the sad yet sweet and lovely story of Pompilia, than my door bell rang.

"Who in time can be out such a night as this?" I said to myself as I reluctantly laid down the book and went down stairs to the door. I opened it on a slender man of medium height who was protected from the cold by a long fur coat and a fur cap which came down over his ears.

"Good evening," he began, "I am looking for a bit of information which I think perhaps that you can give me and—"

"Come in," I said, interrupting him, anxious to once more feel secure in my castle against the wintry blasts.

"I am glad to do so. It is a bitter night," he said as he stepped inside. I am a bit ashamed to admit that I somewhat ungraciously asked him to remove his overcoat. A moment later my conventional sense of hospitality overcame my selfishness and as my visitor seemed cold I asked him to come up to the study.

Seated in a comfortable chair before the fire my guest seemed quite willing to enjoy its warmth and unwilling to talk. After some moments of silence I said, "You were seeking some information?"

"Yes, but now that I am here I am not sure that you can give it to me." He spoke in a manner which did not invite further questions on my part. As he sat quietly and at his ease I noted his fine face, the clean cut features and the sensitive lines about his mouth. "He is evidently a man of some culture," I thought.

As my visitor made no attempt to get on with his business I felt that I must do something in order to have the quiet evening that I had planned.

"Are you a stranger here?" I quietly inquired.

"Yes," he replied very softly as though unwilling to break the charm of the open fire and the dim light.

"Do you live here?"

"No."

There was another pause and then I said, "You stated that you had some business with me."

"Not exactly business. I thought perhaps I might enjoy your delightful fire a little bit before I asked you some questions about a matter that is perplexing me."

"O, take your time. I am delighted to have you here," I replied quickly, in order to cover my insincerity.

"I fully understand," said my visitor calmly, as he glanced at the book to which I had unwittingly turned my eyes. "I do not wish to intrude. I simply want some information which, as I said, I thought that you might give me. I have been troubled by some things I have seen on this visit to your Earth."

"Visit to this Earth!" I exclaimed. "I surely do not understand you."

"I presume not. You see I have not been here for some time. And your development of the radio made it very difficult this time."

I started to speak but he held up his hand gently warning me. A slight smile spread over his face and he went on. "You see I saw many things on my former visits that I could not understand, but this thing seems to me to be most peculiar, to say the least."

"May I ask you where you come from?" I said quickly, for I was beginning to be a bit uneasy.

"Certainly. You may be surprised, but I am 'The Man from Mars.'"

"From Mars!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, from Mars."

"Now that is interesting," I said, and thinking that I had a crank on my hands I began to wonder how I could get rid of him. "I have always wanted to meet you and am delighted that I have this opportunity," I continued, knowing that the best way to deal with cranks is to agree with them.

"You are?" he questioned shortly and then looked at the fire and the book significantly.

"Oh, yes, I am. Please tell me the latest news from Mars."

"I came to get information and not to give it. If I should begin to tell you about Mars I am afraid that I would spoil your quiet evening with a book before the fire. I really could not think of doing that. Some other time when you are at leisure."

"But I am at leisure and would be more than delighted to have first hand news from your planet," I urged.

"No, some other time," he replied firmly. "I have been going over some old ground this trip. This is my first visit since your Great War. That troubled us a good deal over there on Mars. We just could not understand it. I came over at my first opportunity."

"You did!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, at my first opportunity. The war has left a hideous scar on your Western civilization, in fact on your world, has it not?"

I admitted that it had.

"I have been traveling about quite a bit and amazed at the sorrow and misery that there is in the world. Hunger, unemployment and even starvation seem to cause much of the trouble."

"Yes, that is true," I sadly admitted.

"In view of this fact, which I see that you are aware of, the new war is one that amazes me. I cannot understand it, and I thought that you might explain it to me."

"The New War! What new war?"

"Can it be possible that you are not aware of it? The war in the churches. I see that they have—that is, the leaders have—proclaimed a truce for the holidays."

As I did not reply at once he went on, "Your Western World is Christian, is it not?"

"It is supposed to be."

"The thing in your wonderful gospels which seems to Martians as most significant is that passage which says, 'As often as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto me.' You remember the preceding verse in which the question is asked, 'Lord, when saw we thee ahungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick or in prison, and ministered unto thee?' "

"Yes, I remember it," I said quite humbly.

"Since I came," he went on, "I have read in a book that one of your great generals has said that if another war comes it will be the fault of the churches. Did he say that?"

"Yes, that was said by one of the very greatest of our war chiefs," I replied.

"Is it true that if that war comes then the misery resulting from it will be much greater than that of the last war?"

"It is said that it will destroy all our civilization. It will be killing by the wholesale, one army man says,—the killing of women and children first."

The Martian did not speak for a time but sat looking into the fire. I began to be uneasy. He was asking too searching questions. There was no smile on his serious face when he looked up.

"I am told that you have invented terrible poison gases that will destroy all life. Is that true?"

"Yes," I admitted sadly.

My visitor sighed and looked away from me. I thought I saw the glistening of a tear in his eye. Perhaps I was mistaken.

"You see," he resumed after brushing his eyes with his hand, "I have found a terrible amount of suffering on this trip. But that is not what appalls me the most. I have found the hearts of men still filled, in many parts of the earth, with hate. Hope seems to have gone from many. You seem to have lost so much. Now, what troubles and perplexes me is this war in the churches or among the leaders of the churches. I cannot understand what it is all about. I hear a good deal about a virgin birth, the infallibility of the scriptures and the creeds. But it seems to me that your churchmen would be so engaged in caring for the sick, sending food to the starving, rescuing little babies," here he hesitated a moment and then went on, "and organizing to prevent that awful catastrophe, the New War, that they would forget all these differences no matter how important they seem to them."

"It would seem so," I said very meekly.

"On our planet, we often get very much in earnest about some great cause and then we forget our differences. Here it seems as though the very civilization that you have built up at so much cost is in danger and if it is, are not the churches in danger?"

"Yes, I suppose they are," I replied, not enjoying this sort of questioning by a stranger from another planet even if he had done us the honor of paying us several visits.

"Well, then, what I want to know is this,—how can your churchmen become so interested in and give so much time and strength and energy at this time to endless debates with one another?"

"I do not know."

"You can not tell me?"

"No, I am sorry to say that I can not."

"Well, I hoped that you could. I must be going."

"I pray you do not hurry, I would be so glad to talk with you about Mars."

My visitor smiled as he looked at my book and said, "I must hurry, for my stay this trip is limited and I must find, if I can, some one who can explain to me the 'church war.' The Martians will be much interested in it. And then I am afraid that you would not understand our civilization." He led the way downstairs and before I realized it I was helping him on with his coat. He left thanking me and I returned to muse before the fire on my strange visitor. I wondered if it would have helped the Martian if I had told him that churchmen came very near forgetting their difference during the Great War. And then I thought that that might have even perplexed him more.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

The Conscription Fight in Australia

When I was in Australia I was deeply interested in learning what an important chapter the Conscription fight, during the war, had played in the life of the nation. It was referred to as the "hottest political campaign" in the history of the people.

Consequently I asked my friend Samuel Mauger—former Postmaster General, and prominent in social and religious activities—to tell me about it. Since the Conscription issue is not dead in America, it should greatly interest Americans.

The story runs somewhat as follows:

The forces favoring conscription were powerful, influential and varied. The big majority of the federal and state press, some 300 newspapers throughout the commonwealth, arrayed themselves on the side of Prime Minister Hughes and Yes—for conscription. Only some half dozen newspapers, and they not by any means influential, went for No and anti-conscription. Had it not been for the labor papers, this influence would have proved of negligible proportions. With the aid of the power of censorship, Mr. Hughes used this mighty influence to the last ounce. He had the municipal councils with him, or at least the overwhelming majority of them, in response to a personal appeal from Mr. Hughes as prime minister. He had the universities with him. Every Red Cross league and patriotic society came into line for Yes; employers' unions and large employers of labor canvassed their employees; banks, financial institutions threw their weight into the scale, and unlimited money was available.

Never were such influences exerted in Australia before; not even in the fight for federation, which at the time was strongly opposed by official trades unionists. In addition to all this must be added the full force and influence of the official Protestant churches. The Anglican, through its Australian synod, led the way, on top of which appeals came from archbishops and bishops, down to the parish priest. Then followed Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Independents. Prominent clergymen took the platform to bolster up their conscription leadership. One prominent Methodist minister called his opponents "reptiles" and other choice names. Another, an Anglican, said Christ was a "conscript," hence his justification.

Against these forces stood a solid phalanx of trades unionists and anti-conscription citizens, leaderless, moneyless, influenceless; misrepresented, abused, denied the use of public halls; browbeaten and unfairly treated in many ways. Three weeks before "the day" it looked as if "No" had not a possible chance, but as time went on it gained strength—a powerful factor in its favor being the calling up under compulsion for home service of single men. This action gave the people a fore-taste of what "militarism" would mean. Men were dragged from their business, invalids who had volunteered time and again were passed and rushed into camp, and medical men in many instances either acted very unfairly or very superficially.

A case, responsible for a great deal of bitterness, was one in which a father, who had already lost two sons at the war, was brutally informed, by a local police magistrate, that owing to the fact that there was a fourth son in the family (a boy of tender years) the third son would have to go into camp. And at the same time "only" sons were exempted!

Feeling ran very high on both sides. There was undoubtedly a clash of ideals. Many earnest, thoughtful Christian people voted Yes, honestly believing all they read in the newspapers, and that the cry from the trenches for more men must be answered at all costs. It was no uncommon experience to hear men and women remark, "I hate conscription but the nation and our grand men in the trenches must be helped; the end justifies the means." They forgot that Germany said the same thing in regard to Belgium. On the other hand, faithful souls, both in and out of the churches, took up the opposite view. What one set of persons felt safe and imperative, was just what another set of individuals felt bound to repudiate, and the fight was painful.

"The day" was quiet and uneventful. For some long time past there had been a powerful agitation to curtail the liquor traffic; that influence caused liquor bars to be closed on referendum day, with the very best results. When the votes were counted, No led by some seventy thousand. Three states gave a majority for No, New South Wales, South Australia and Queensland; while Victoria, Tasmania and West Australia gave majorities for Yes. Out of 75 constituencies in the House of Representatives, 44 carried "No," leaving 31 for "Yes." The trades union section of the Labor party came out of the fight much stronger; the churches and newspapers much weaker. In a fight: the Parliament, press, churches, universities, versus the people, the people won.

The official church leaders have come out of the fight weakened and largely discredited. This is frankly admitted in one of the leading religious papers, which says:

> It is surely a matter for profound regret that when the churches of the land have agreed in judgment on a moral question affecting national affairs, and have declared their judgment in a form so public, and in terms so impressive, this has not arrested and influenced public opinion in a higher degree than is proved to be the case.

It must not be thought, however, that the No Conscription vote was either disloyal or Anti-Christian. It was nothing of the kind. The Methodist *Spectator* puts the real position fairly well in the following paragraph:

> HONEST CONVICTIONS
>
> During these discussions we have used no word imputing wrong motives to others. The logic of the situation is the only thing that has concerned us. Others, including a number within our own church, have held the opposite view to that expressed here. Not from lack of patriotism, not from any moral weakness, but from deep conviction, they have been true to their views. The virtuous vote was not all on one side. If some voted "No" to avoid danger, it is fairly certain that others voted "Yes" who might not have done so had they been eligible for enlistment. We have all through recognized the case of the conscientious objector. The referendum will be a relief to him. We also recognize the right of those who have all through held that the war was wrong to feel relieved and pleased at the result. So far as Australia is concerned, it is a question now of carrying on war against conscript nations with volunteers only.

It must also be remembered that in all parts of Australia, said Mr. Mauger to me, a number of clergymen "dared to be Daniels, dared to stand alone," and today they rejoice in the victory for their principles. In another fight they would be strengthened by many who were too weak on the last occasion to face the forces they thought were going to win.

It should also be noted that one of the most powerful factors in winning the great fight was the official organ of the Labor party in New South Wales, *The Australian Worker,* fearless, fair, logical, often-times unanswerable, it put up a splendid fight for what it believed to be national righteousness and national freedom. This was the issue the people of the newest born of the world's democracies were called upon to decide —Shall we in Australia go the way of national safety, loyalty and sanity, or shall we take the path of destruction? Swift is the descent to the hell of militarism — the cause of this war — conscription and slavery, individual and national ruin.

It ought to be noted that while Australians voted twice against conscription—during the war—they were not "shirkers." Australia contributed more soldiers to the war, in proportion to her population, than any other; and there are no braver men in the world. They showed their moral bravery in voting conscription down. They showed that they possess freedom, because they possess the right to vote on the question, a right that Americans either do not possess or are unable to exercise. SYDNEY STRONG.

A German Sanatorium

The train joggles slowly, stopping at every station, through the slummy East-end of Berlin. Gradually the houses grow fewer, with breaks of sandy grassy country between, and balconied villas appear dotted about great glades of pine trees. We pass some villages of white cottages with red roofs and gaily painted shutters. At last the train pulls up at a country station. Outside I find a little tram line starting from a tiny restaurant embedded in dark pines. It travels on a narrow track right through the forest; the branches of the pines brush the window panes and their strong fruity scent fills the lungs gratefully after the dusty train. Presently the pines give place to a ghostly fairy-wood of shimmering silver birch, from which we emerge on to a rolling sand plain dotted with birch, rowan, and linden, and in a quarter of an hour arrive at an old fashioned village whence the tram toils grunting up the hill, and obligingly deposits me, for I am somewhat lame, at the Sanatorium gates.

The Sanatorium stands well up on a little mount, surrounded by shady lawns and paths wandering through an endless variety of trees and flowering shrubs. The lindens are in flower, filling the air with sweetness and the hum of bees. The blue firs shine pale cobalt in the light of late afternoon: the spiky *lebensbaum* stifles all other scents in its aromatic fervor. Long, late rains have carried the freshness and fragrance of spring into midsummer. There is a little pine wood too, growing deliciously on a slope which catches the glint of the setting sun, and throws deep shadows to the river in the valley. Through it, a steep path leads to the "*Luft* baths" for men and women. Each an enclosure of about half an acre, where on cool grass, one may roam nude 'neath firs and linden or lie with bare toes buried in the sun-cooked sand. With the wind gently massaging each muscle, the sun quickening with new life every cell in the tired body, the mind thrilling to the subtle stimulus of untrammeled touch, the whole being reacts to the healing of the Earth mother. So, one may perchance recapture something of that poise of body which is essential for true sanity of the soul.

Within the Sanatorium are all the newest requirements and facilities of medical science. Bathrooms with sun-bath adjoining, fitted with electric and other apparatus: laboratories and Roentgen ray installation: various kinds of red light, artificial sun-light, and other curative rays, which, however, are mostly abandoned when in late spring and summer, the sun himself becomes the great healer, and patients lie out of doors in the sunshine.

The upper floors consist of long corridors of bedrooms, each with its own roofed balcony where the patient may live all day, and all night, should he choose, in the open air. Looking from these, across the gardens, one has a fine view of the lake below, busy now that railway rates are prohibitive, with keels carrying merchandise to and from Berlin, and gay with the white sails of little pleasure boats tacking skilfully from shore to shore, or scudding fast before the wind. With its firs shadowing the water, a comfortable sized hill beckons one to climb its summit and survey the surrounding country from its view tower, and one can trace its winding paths picked out by the Western sun. It is a cheerful, hopeful outlook for the individual, it all lies so near about him. Unlike the cruel mockery of the show "health resort" maddening him with views of impossible Alps he can never climb, of distant spires and villages his feeble legs can never reach: each far horizon jeering at his impotence, here nature is intimate and friendly. The little hill seems to nod its pines and whisper hopefully. "You are so much stronger, you must come and climb me next week if not before," and the lake at the foot of the garden or only just a few paces further, ripples a standing invitation, with the promise of a boat always at hand.

The Sanatorium was never one of the fashionable hotel variety, run for the exploitation of foreigners. It had a reputation for the highest medical and nursing efficiency, comfort, and moderate charges, it was essentially a German *Kurhaus* and the doctors of Berlin and other parts of Germany sent their patients there in large numbers. Today, with the exception of a few business men, and perhaps the wife or daughter of a medical man, admitted for half fees, there are hardly any Germans left. They cannot afford to go there. A doctor in Berlin said recently: "Our patients call us only when they are dying." But the Sanatorium is not empty, it is crowded with Polish Jews and kindred fishers in Europe's troubled waters. It is not easy to foretell what the ultimate contribution of these people to humanity will be. At present they are in the most unattractive stage of development. Having amassed money with rapidity, they delight to billet themselves on the hospitality of those whom they still regard as enemies and legitimate victims of their newly acquired arrogance and unwonted sense of power. Entirely lacking in the simplicity and dignity of the peasant, they exude the vulgarity of the snob in its most offensive form. Money, and the outward signs of money are their sole objective, a bullying fault-finding their accepted means of asserting a spurious superiority. In their rapid rise to fortune, personal cleanliness is neither a social rule, nor an indi-

vidual habit, it is not even regarded as an irksome but necessary concession to luxury. Imagine a party, arriving in a brand new motor, demanding admission, and offering any price, but so obviously dirty that they had to be politely but firmly told that every room in the Sanatorium was booked up for the season! Imagine the perpetual offense which such invaders offer against the minute orderliness and cleanliness of a German staff!

They have come, and perhaps pardonably, to feed well in a land where food is universally scarce and of very poor quality. The Sanatorium with its home farm, orchards and large vegetable gardens still provides a most excellent and ample table.

Each day, the fall of the mark makes the purchase of provisions, of medical stores, of linen, more difficult. The resources of the management are strained to the utmost to retain the standard and carry on with undiminished efficiency. Some small recognition of the anxieties of the situation—even some sympathy, might be expected from those who in a not remote period of their lives have been intimately acquainted with problems of limited finance. But these people, living plenteously on the miseries of Germany, loudly and abusively challenge every bill. A chance appreciation —a flash of gratitude—one genuine warm emotion responsive to the comfort and kindliness they uniformly receive, and the vulgar dross of the balance would dissolve in the instant. Instead, with only a short acquaintance with the amenities of civilization, possessing nothing at all of its culture, these strange flotsam and jetsam with their new motors and expensive cigars, their high heels, in which they have not yet learnt to walk easily, their gaudy jumpers, agree that nothing must be right, nothing quite good enough, and that in spite of appearances to the contrary, they are always "enjoying *worse* health." And yet with unfailing patience, with unvarying courtesy, they are served daily and hourly by a wearied but cheerful German staff.

Down in the streets of Berlin, one is aware of conflict, of bickering, the futile kicking of a people goaded by the memory of former power and the bitter realization of their present impotence. A German friend speaking English perfectly, boasted to me how the other day she refused to answer or help an American lady who had lost her way and could not speak German. It is petty, it is useless, but it is human and understandable. Here in the Sanatorium one breathes the purer air and comes into touch with the higher transmutations which adversity sometimes effects.

It is not difficult to divine what sort of emotion must from time to time sweep the minds of the German doctors, who knowing that the best of their own stock are dying by thousands of preventible causes for the lack of medical aid they cannot afford to seek, must, in the necessity of the times, labor day and night for strangers whose very presence in the country is a source of moral and physical demoralization to the German people, already so pitifully enfeebled by the ravages of "peace." There is nothing particularly noble in succoring a fallen foe, for he lies helpless in your power, but to work with insistent generosity and wholeheartedness for aliens who have the power to demand service, and in so doing wound every national feeling and outrage all decent susceptibilities, belongs to an heroic temper of which only the finest spirits are capable. The plunge of the mark and the corresponding rise in prices has reduced the doctors' salaries to a minimum. It is extraordinarily difficult for them to continue research work, yet by continual self-denial of leisure, of rest, of the very necessaries of life, they do it. New books are quite beyond their means, neither can they afford the high subscription rates of the lending libraries, therefore to consult the latest publications they must snatch what hours they can, when they can, and travel in the densely packed Berlin trains to the *Stadtbibliothek*. Only those who have made the journey know the discomfort and fatigue of it. The various meetings of medical and scientific associations all over Germany have been cancelled, because none of the members can afford to attend. Again, printing is so expensive that the medical journals no longer pay for the articles they publish. Holidays, with the high price of taxes and lodging are out of the question. But they do not complain, they are not vocal; an enquiry will probably elicit the grave reply: "It is very difficult for our people . . . our research work is so hampered: our country hospitals are many of them shut down for lack of funds." They do not add, as well they might, "we break down." Instead, in daily forgetfulness of personal hardship, they concentrate every energy on the pure science of healing, undeterred by the fact that their skill, their sympathy, and the results of their research, in the circumstances of the case, must primarily benefit those who not being for them "are against them." "Not for hope, not for destruction of our enemies, not for the weapon of rule, not for help, but in the terrible convulsion of events, we entreat thee only for a pure will."* Of such is the daily realization of this medical staff.

It is not unique: it is one of very many in Germany who "in the terrible convulsion of events" labor ceaselessly to heal and to comfort with a "pure will." Is it meet that such should perish and their work with them? Is it well that Germany should lose her finest spirits and the world some of its most disinterested workers in medical science?

* * * *

So I wrote in late summer, and left the Sanatorium for a holiday in the Bavarian highlands. In September I returned. The still more frantic plunge of the mark, the artificial dollar standard of payment had forced prices up to such a prohibitive level, that foreigners found that the halcyon days of their exploiting voyage were numbered. There were sinister rumors of riots and revolution. They decided to leave the sinking ship. Paris, for many of them, appeared a more desirable haven. By October, not more than fifteen patients remained in the Sanatorium. The management made an heroic effort to keep things going. The servants had to be considered. If dismissed, they would find other employment only with great difficulty. With the rapid depreciation of the mark, their wages, even if they had been so foolish as not to spend all as they received them, would not even pay their fare home. They could hardly be turned adrift in the street. So they were kept on, and spent their time inventing work in empty rooms and silent corridors or gathering in little knots to devour the advertisement columns of a newspaper. For the medical staff the outlook was yet more gloomy—highly qualified practitioners were starving all over Germany. Dark days of anxious tension dragged on. The autumn cold set in, the Sanatorium with its dwindling patients had to incur the extra expense of central heating, it struggled bravely for three weeks,

*Krasinsky.

then the inevitable happened. On the first of November it finally closed down for an indefinite period.

The last guests departed. The staff went out one bitter day, the first snow turning to slush as it fell, to face the struggle for existence.

It is early March, the mark after almost superhuman effort seems stabilized, but it has made Berlin the dearest city in Europe. The snow still lies deep in the streets; the people die behind their doors of cold and starvation and the Sanatorium remains closed.

H. M. Howsin.

Prisoners and Their Pets

Some touching stories of prison life have been told by Ralph Chaplin, the poet and ex-political prisoner. In this connection it is of interest to remember that, although all Federal political prisoners but one have now been released, more than a hundred men are still in prison under the sedition laws of the various States.

Mr. Chaplin says that prisoners are "starved for something to love," and they make the most extraordinary pets. One man at Leavenworth grew very fond of a mouse. Two others became devotedly attached to a couple of spiders; and when one spider got killed, the prisoner who had loved him—a man who had already served eight years of a forty-five-year sentence—was broken-hearted.

For a time Mr. Chaplin was an attendant in the prison infirmary. Two political prisoners there were suffering from tuberculosis. One, who was confined to his bed, asked for a couple of raw eggs in the shell, and got them. A few days later he made the same request, and again for the third time. Some weeks after, Mr. Chaplin, passing near his bed, heard a curious sound: "Cheep, cheep, cheep!" Instead of eating the eggs, the prisoner had kept them warm till they hatched, and was now rejoicing in the company of the baby chickens!

Mr. Chaplin hurried over to the carpentry department, where there was another "political," told him what had happened, and asked him to make a chicken-house as quickly as possible, so that the chickens might be hidden away. He built a palatial chicken-house. The baby chickens were put into it, and hidden in an obscure niche at the far end of the infirmary. The other prisoners took the greatest interest in them. They would stand and watch them with delight, saying, "Aren't they cute? See how bright their eyes are! Just look at their little feet!" etc., etc. For some time they escaped detection, but they were discovered at last. Then there was commotion. The guard demanded to know where they came from, but nobody would tell. He thought they must somehow have been stolen from the prison farm, but the persons in charge of the farm said they had had no baby chickens there for six months.

The prisoners were ashamed to confess that they were keeping the chickens because they loved them. They said they had hoped that, if they succeeded in raising them, when the chickens were large enough they might have them for "broilers." The guard said he would have them raised at the farm, and then they should have them to eat. He kept his word; but when the time came the prisoners could not eat the "broilers"; they had loved those chickens too much.

In view of the facts told by Mr. Chaplin, the question arises whether it might not be well to allow every ordinary prisoner to keep some small pet. It is now recognized that the aim of imprisonment should be not simply punishment; but also, and much more, reclamation; and love is the most healing thing in the world.

Many years ago, the most violent and unmanageable woman in the Sherborn Reformatory, was made quiet and tractable by giving her a motherless baby calf to bring up by hand. She became devoted to the little creature, and even after he grew into a big steer, she would deprive herself of the sugar allowed her for her coffee to give it to him.

Every year, more men and women come out of prison in the United States than graduate from all our colleges and universities. It is a matter of high importance whether they come out better or worse than they went in. Not only for the sake of humanity, but for the sake of the public safety, every effort should be made to build up their characters. Why not try (among other things) the influence of pet animals?

Alice Stone Blackwell.

THE FIRST ROBIN

This morn I heard a robin sing!
His heart was big with spring
As he,
Perched in a spacious tree
Whose silver loveliness
The morning bathed, poured forth
In quavers querulous and sweet
His happiness.

A white mist wrapped the world—
Swathed tenderly the trees
Yet innocent of leaves;
The sky was gray and clean as pearl—
And through this lucid symphony
The rose dawn crashed across
The world.

Those who have thought
Upon the life beyond
Say that it treasures all things fair
We have loved here.
I hope there will be morning and the song
Of birds!

Mabel F. Blakeslee.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CLEVELAND NEWSPAPERS

I.

Editor of UNITY:

I have been reading UNITY regularly for three years and get quite a kick out of it. I dislike, therefore, to have my first communication to you take the form of a criticism. Perhaps a question would serve better.

Why, in referring to Cleveland newspapers, did you pick out the adjectives "vile" and "trivial"? For me, it mars an otherwise very interesting sketch. The more obvious shortcomings of Cleveland papers scarcely bear this description, even if one were looking for severe phrases.

Take the *Plain Dealer*. It is almost Puritanically clean and more often accused of being ponderous rather than trivial. It steers a "safe" course generally, but has the virtue of being especially open to the news of any group that thinks it has a mission.

The *Press* has always catered to minor human interests and may be open to the charge of triviality in its features and cartoons, but the *Press*, under its present editorship, is developing into a highly militant and constructive force; the most vigorous and wholesome of any paper in my recollection. You would enjoy its editorial page every day in the year.

The *Times* is not vile nor trivial. It represents an attempt to conduct an aristocratic and intellectual class newspaper. Adherence to its purpose is costing its owners several hundred thousand dollars a year.

The *News* makes large use of Hearst cartoons and feature stories. It caters to sex interests more openly than any of the others and politically represents the Republican organization, but it handles news skillfully and without any manifest bias.

In general Cleveland newspapers are free from the vices of distortion and suppression. Just now a council minority is fighting a battle highly offensive to the banking and realty interests of the town, yet every paper is reporting its maneuvers fully and with reasonable fairness.

The faults of Cleveland papers that most nearly merit your phrase are not indigenous to Cleveland but come from feature services originating in New York. All in all, Cleveland is getting as good papers as it deserves, which is about the situation that prevails in other towns.

Again thanking you for much pleasure and benefit through your interesting weekly, I am,

Very truly yours,
H. P. BOYNTON.

II.

Dear Mr. Boynton:

I want to thank you heartily for your letter of the 20th objecting to my characterization in UNITY of the Cleveland newspapers. I am publishing this letter in our Correspondence Column primarily because I make it a rule to let everybody who has a fair criticism to offer to any opinion expressed in UNITY do so, and also because your letter gives courteously and definitely the viewpoint of a citizen of the city in question.

In reply may I say that I think from one point of view at least, your criticism of my statement is well taken. I refer to the fact brought clearly to my mind by your comment that what I said about the Cleveland newspapers was inspired quite as much by the general reading of all the newspapers that I saw on this trip as by the reading of the Cleveland newspapers in particular. In other words, I was giving voice to a general impression conveyed to me from many sources. I did not state this, however, in my article but laid the full blame on the Cleveland newspapers and to this extent I am in error and stand corrected.

You know so much more about the Cleveland newspapers than I do, that I hesitate even to attempt to vindicate my general opinion of our newspapers today as directed against the Cleveland specimens. Still, I believe there is something to be said in support of my judgment. In the first place may I point out that I referred to them not as "vile and trivial" but as "vile and silly." I think the adjective "silly" is correctly used, for the Cleveland newspapers, like newspapers of other cities, are crowded with inane cartoons, departments of trivial and futile comment, half witted jokes scattered through countless nooks and corners, etc. The whole tone of these papers, apart from certain news despatches and editorial features, is one of general silliness backed by the apparent idea of the editors that people read the newspapers to be amused. I am inclined to feel that the editors are right in this judgment, but if this is the popular desire, it is because the newspapers in recent years have deliberately cultivated it. As regards the word "vile" I did not have in mind any particular offense as regards uncleanness, sex stuff, etc. Rather did I have in mind a general appearance and atmosphere of vulgarity as conveyed in flaring headlines, ugly advertisements, and the usual array of stories of crime and scandal. Our papers offend today not so much because of any attitude that they have toward moral questions as by their deliberate selection of hideous material for the filling of their columns. Perhaps the word "vile" was ill chosen, but it was intended to express this sort of thing.

In summary may I say that with few exceptions I find in none of our American communities today newspapers which represent in any true sense the best thought and life of the community. Our papers are primarily advertising broadsides with a liberal offering of vaudeville entertainment features and a sprinkling of news and comment aimed at the lower rather than at the higher levels of intelligence and feeling. A real newspaper should represent a city the way an art gallery or library or symphony orchestra represents a city. Take the *Manchester Guardian* or even the New York *Times*, apart from its benighted editorial policy and you will see what I mean. Compared with such papers, I think even the Cleveland journals are "vile and silly."

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT

April 25, 1924.

The Hon. Calvin Coolidge,
The Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. President:

You have a significant opportunity to serve the cause of international good will and understanding by vetoing the Immigration Bill, if it is submitted to you in the terms in which it has passed the House and the Senate. I am writing for the Executive Committee of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, a group of people who believe that we can and should apply to concrete situations, the principles taught by Jesus Christ.

We feel that the basis of the bill, allowing the admission only of two per cent of those national groups who were here according to the census of 1890, is a violation of the principle of brotherhood, and is both disingenuous and mischievous. But even more strongly we deplore the indignity cast on Japan by the special provisions directed against her,—a slight which is not only unnecessary to satisfy even the rigid exclusionists, but is calculated to destroy the good feeling between our peoples developed by the Washington Conference and the recent outpouring of America's aid in connection with the earthquake and fire in Japan.

Believing that the problems of the world can be solved only in a spirit of international and interracial understanding, we feel that that aspect of the question should have precedence in your consideration of the Immigration Bill. We believe that your veto of this bill would be welcomed by the country at large.

Very sincerely yours,
PAUL JONES.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation,
396 Broadway, New York City.

A MILITARY BALL

Editor of UNITY:

"Why a Military Ball?" students at the University of Wisconsin are asking. Why bring the glamour of war into social events? Compulsory military training at the University was abolished by the legislature of 1923 largely through the activity of the Woman's Progressive Association, whose platform stressed a plank which declared for "definite political action looking to the outlawry of war."

A bill to abolish the National Guard of the state passed the assembly by a vote of 62 to 17. It was defeated in the senate, but the outcome of the attempt to abolish the guard resulted in reducing the appropriation to $225,000.00 per year when it had been nearly $700,000.00 per year.

The *Proletarian*, a student publication edited by Stratford F. Corbett, on the eve of the Military Ball, denounced the Ball as a crime.

Quoting Cadet Col. Howard Lyman as saying that the business of slaying one's fellow-men should not be given a holiday aspect, but should be looked upon as hideous, regrettable, though necessary business, Corbet asks why he and his brother officers have forgotten this viewpoint.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE BROSS PRIZE OF $6,000 FOR THE BEST RELIGIOUS BOOK

Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Illinois

The Third Decennial Prize of $6,000, announced by the "Trustees of Lake Forest University," on the Bross Foundation.

This announcement is a challenge to the spirit and the mentality of men who are great enough in spirit and mind, to react to its call—to the end that this and succeeding generations may be sanely led in their thinking.

It is an offer of a prize of $6,000 for the best book "on the connection, relation and mutual bearing of any practical science, or the history of our race, or the facts in any department of knowledge, with and upon the Christian Religion."

This is the "Bross Prize," which the "Trustees of Lake Forest University" are enabled to offer on the foundation established in 1786 by the late William Bross, of Chicago, Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois in 1866-70, as a memorial to his son, Nathaniel Bross.

A further elaboration of the intent of Mr. Bross reveals that a fitting theme may be found in practically any phase of science, of literature, of human history, or of modern life, that may throw light on the Christian religion.

In his agreement with the trustees of Lake Forest University, Mr. Bross stated:

"The offer must be open to the scientific men, the Christian philosophers and historians of all nations."

This challenge commends itself to the men of affairs also—of finance—who may not be writers—yet have many contacts, and who may be able to find just the man to put his impress on the thinking of the age, through this medium.

Authors and publishers who may have books about ready for publication, may be interested in submitting proof sheets, according to the conditions announced below.

Conditions of the Bross Prize

A prize of $6,000—the third decennial one—will be given to the author of the best book—on the lines indicated herein—which may be presented on or before January 1st, 1925. The manuscripts, accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name of the writer, must be sent on or before the above date, addressed to

The President of Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Illinois

It is requested that no manuscripts be sent on or before October 1st, 1924. Sufficient postage should be sent or forwarded for the return of the manuscripts.

A Committee of Judges—three in number, composed of distinguished men in divinity, science and letters, will make the award. They will be chosen by the "Trustees of Lake Forest University," and will be duly announced.

To facilitate a prompt examination and decision by this Committee, three typewritten copies of each manuscript must be submitted. If the competitor prefers to submit his manuscript in printed form, he is at liberty to do so.

Prospective authors of books on any of the above mentioned lines, who might otherwise expect to publish such books about January, 1925, may, if they so desire, send in the proof sheets of such books for this competition provided the following conditions are complied with, viz.:

1. That the proof sheets be anonymous.
2. That the books remain unpublished until the award is made.
3. That the author arrange with his prospective publisher to transfer the copyright for his book to the Trustees of Lake Forest University if he is awarded the Bross Prize.

Regulations Governing Competition

The following regulations will govern the competition for the Bross Prize:

1. Three typewritten or printed copies of each manuscript must be submitted.
2. Books by foreign authors must be presented in English translation.
3. The copyright of the book to which the prize is awarded shall be the property of the "Trustees" of Lake Forest University.
4. Manuscripts must have a minimum length of fifty thousand words.
5. If any writer desires to submit more than one book in competition for the prize, he is at liberty to do so.
6. Material already published shall be used only in the case that it be a small portion of a projected work, which shall be developed into a larger or broader treatise for the purpose of this competition, or some pamphlet containing the germ of a larger work, expanded into a treatise for the purpose of this competition.
7. The decision as to the eligibility of any book, shall rest with the Committee of Judges.

The above contains all the essential conditions made by the deed of gift; but if any further information is desired as to this competition, it may be obtained on application to

President
H. M. MOORE,
Lake Forest, Illinois.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF YOUTH FOR PEACE

Statement of Purpose.

The Fellowship of Youth for Peace is a group of young men and women of many races, nations and classes who recognize the oneness of the world wide human family. We wish to live in the spirit of this true unity and find out more and more all that it should mean. To do so we shall have to put away war and the spirit of enmity, seeking to know instead the spirit of love that draws men together, in spite of all differences, in a friendly and united society.

We believe that the spirit of Love disclosed in Jesus of Nazareth can work through and change all social relations, industry, politics and international life; that it is indeed the only foundation for human society, and the only power which can overcome evil and call forth the undiscovered good in men.

The attempt to live steadfastly in this spirit will certainly cost something as the world now is, but for lack of it the world is going to pieces. War and famine, imperialism and rev-

---

He says, "While soldier and civilian are still suffering from, and striving to forget, the misery and hatred engendered by the last war, the R. O. T. C. of Wisconsin is holding a glorious Military Ball in the rotunda of the State Capitol.

"That students should sanction a social function which is intended to encourage the stimulation of war psychology is a crime, as war itself is a crime."

Madison, Wisconsin. CHESTER C. PLATT.

TWO LETTERS ON OUTLAWRY

I.

Salmon O. Levinson, Esq.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

I am much interested in your article in the *Forum* giving particulars of the program advocated by the American Committee for the Outlawry of War. The scheme is so reasonable that it should commend itself to all reasonable men, and I am desirous to aid in furthering it. Can you send me any literature showing how your Committee works, and how a South African Committee could affiliate and work with you?

Trusting you can comply with my request, I am, Sir,

Yours very sincerely,
WM. HOSKEN.

Marina Vista, Capetown, South Africa.

II.

Hon. Salmon O. Levinson,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir and Brother:

I write to thank you for your epoch-making contribution toward the ultimate abolition of war! You have already done enough to secure for yourself a permanent place in the esteem of mankind for all the future. I am proud of you as a fellow-citizen and especially as a fellow Yale man. I am sorry we did not meet during our student days. For I see that you were on the campus while I was a student in the divinity school.

What can I do to help put this great proposition over? From the enclosed clipping you will see that I have already done a bit toward starting something in that line here. . . .

Congratulating you on your achievements and wishing you continued success, I am, Heartily yours,

HENRY STAUFFER, *Yale '89.*

First Congregational Church, Petaluma, Calif.

olution, racial and class struggle, and almost universal fear abound. We cannot wait until somehow the nations are reconciled, injustice between groups is done away, or until the churches have found a common path. War may continue to darken the world and endanger all that is good; we can take no part in it. Men may continue to threaten or fear revolution; we need neither threaten nor fear it, but can give up the power and desire to dominate our fellows, and seek to build a common life of such united friendly effort as will take away the occasion for war and strife. It will be our aim to let no interest of self, family, church, class, race or nation separate us from any of our fellowmen. We shall attempt to help one another discover what this way of life is when it is followed in the home, in the education of children, in the treatment of criminals, in the relations of commerce and industry, and in all dealings with our brothers throughout the world.

We need not wait until all of us can agree on a theory or practice of non-resistance or on some one social or economic program: we are united in seeking such changes in the spirit of men and the structure of society as shall make possible the fullest expression of the spirit and principles of Jesus. Our methods must always be in harmony with this goal.

It is certain that for such a way of life divine power is needed. We believe that such power will be ours increasingly as we venture upon this way of service in response to the leading of the one Spirit that unites men in a vast family of brothers.

In order to develop the resources of fellowship, we seek to express this way of life through existing institutions rather than to build up another organization in the usual sense of the term.

Through our association with the Fellowship of Reconciliation we are united with similar groups in North and South America, in most of the countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and in the Islands of the Sea.

Will you enter the Fellowship? Or, if not ready to become a member, would you like to be on our mailing list? You are invited to write to the secretary.

The Fellowship of Youth for Peace,
396 Broadway, New York City.

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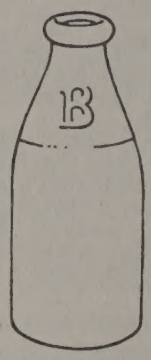

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